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THE CRYSTAL LOCKET



BY
NELLIE M. ROWE

PICTURES BY
ELIZABETH ENRIGHT



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THE CRYSTAL LOCKET





THE BEAUTIFUL LADY WAS SURROUNDED AS USUAL BY THE CHILDREN

The Crystal Locket



By *arie*
NELLIE M. ROWE

Pictures by
ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

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PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

THE CRYSTAL LOCKET is a collection of nine folk tales. All of the stories are centered about the experiences of a famous crystal locket. This locket is a priceless heirloom, is still in existence and, like Hitty, has had a very interesting life.

Nellie M. Rowe is the librarian of the Greensboro Public Library, Greensboro, North Carolina.



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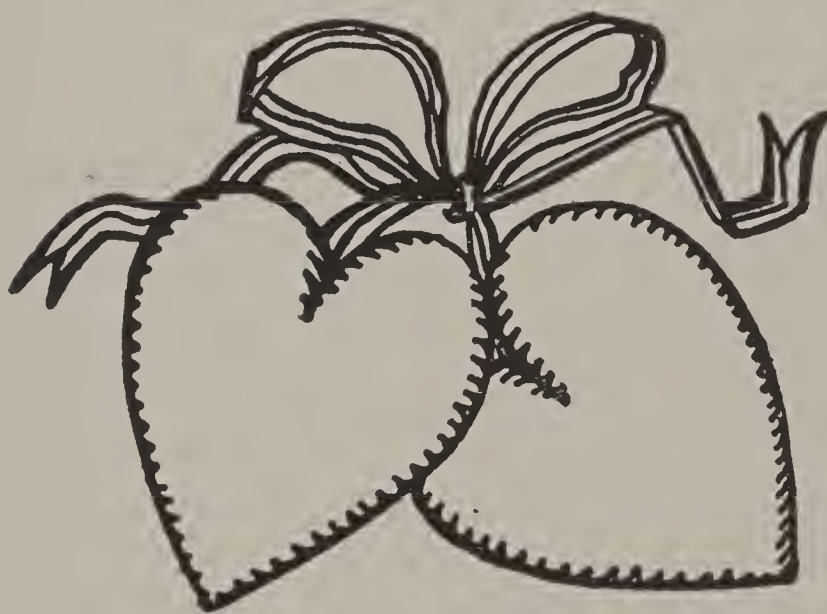


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TO MY GRANDMOTHER
MARIA PRISCILLA WHEAT
WHO OWNED THE CRYSTAL LOCKET



THE CRYSTAL LOCKET





AN IRISH STORY
THE CRYSTAL LOCKET

THE Beautiful Lady sat in her garden among her favorite flowers. The children loved her dearly, and though she was known to her grown-up friends as Miss Virginia, the children always called her the Beautiful Lady. Her hair was as golden as the sunshine, and her lovely blue eyes seemed always to be smiling.

On sunny days Miss Virginia would come out of the big white house and sit in the

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shade of the trees. She would usually bring a basket of nuts for the squirrels, and they would perch on her shoulder and eat from her hand.

Now Miss Virginia had something in her possession so wonderful that every child from far and near had heard about it. Around her lovely white throat, on a slender gold chain, there hung a tiny crystal locket. When the sun shone it glistened like a dew drop.

There was something very unusual about this locket. It had been in Miss Virginia's family many, many years. Her great-great-grandmother had brought it over the seas from Ireland, and it is said that a tiny Leprechaun had given it to her.

Now in Ireland everyone believes in the fairy folk, and this is the story of the little Irish maid of long ago as the Beautiful Lady told it:

The little girl's name was Nancy O'Neill and she was the daughter of the Lord Mayor. Although he was a great man in his country and Nancy lived in a beautiful home,

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she was a sweet little maid and always tried to do a good deed for those less fortunate than herself.

Now, far out of town on the edge of the wood was a small hut with a thatched roof, and there dwelt Granny O’Rooney. Many a day she sat by herself, hovering over the little peat fire, for her rheumatism was so bad she could not move about.

Granny always managed to keep cheerful, and when Nancy came in, all out of breath, bringing a basket with her, the old lady’s face was wreathed with smiles as she said, “Now God bless you, my colleen. It does my old heart good to see your sweet face again. Sit ye down and talk to an old woman for awhile.”

Nancy took off her hood and settled down for a talk. Now Granny was versed in all sorts of fairy matters and it was the delight of the child’s heart to hear these wonderful tales.

“Granny,” said she, “when you are gone, who will tell me of the fairies? I should rather hear about them than anything else in the world.”

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“Ah, bless me, child,” answered Granny, “I will have to see to that. Know ye the Leprechauns, the wily little men? They will trick you if they can.”

“Tell me, Granny, how they look,” said Nancy.

“Well, they are tiny, wee bits of men with long beards. They wear cocked hats and coats with big brass buttons and shoes with silver buckles so large that they almost cover the tops of their shoes. They are always seen with leather aprons, for 'tis they who make the shoes; and you can discover them by the tap, tap of their small hammers!

“Now these little men have hidden away beautiful jewels, and gold and silver, the finest in the world, and if you can keep them from fooling you they will surely lead you to a pot of gold.”

Nancy's eyes had been growing larger and larger as the tale went on.

“Granny, will I ever see one?” she asked.

“Have patience, my child. Sure and you will see one who will lead you to your heart's desire if only you mind what I say.”

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“Does it have to do with fairies?” asked Nancy.

“Yes, my child, something that you will have long after Granny O’Rooney lies under the sod. Now listen carefully, my dear, for all depends on yourself. When once you see a Leprechaun, grasp him tightly in your hand and never take your eyes off of him. He will try his best to fool you, but just you hold on and say over and over these words:

‘Tap, tap, little hammer,
Do not miss a lick.
Wily little Leprechaun,
Thou durst not turn a trick.’

“You must hold a tiny wand in front of his face while you repeat the words, and the Leprechaun will be in your power.”

By this time the sun was sinking low in the west and Nancy had to hurry home.

Quite a time passed, and Nancy always kept a sharp lookout for the Leprechaun. Always she carried the wand in her pocket, but she began to think she would never have any use for it.

One beautiful evening, however, as she was walking among the flowers, she heard

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a faint tap, tap, tap, as of a tiny hammer. She gently bent back a lily, and there, sitting on the ground among the leaves was a little man, working on the heel of a shoe.

“A Leprechaun!” cried Nancy, almost too excited to move. Quickly she reached down and grasped him in her hand.

“Ouch!” said the little man, “don’t squeeze me so hard.”

“Then lead me to the treasure,” said Nancy.

“All right. Just loosen your hold,” he said, “and I will lead you to the treasure.”

However, Nancy remembered Granny’s words and still grasped him tightly, and at the same time took out the magic wand.

“Turn to the right,” said the Leprechaun, “and we will go through the Magic Forest where all of the most wonderful birds fly about among gold and silver trees. Just this way, please.”

All of a sudden, as they stepped into the woods, Nancy began to realize that the little old man had brought her here to distract her attention from him by showing her the beautiful birds and letting her hear their



THERE, SITTING ON THE GROUND, WAS A LITTLE MAN

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heavenly music. But she remembered in time, and placing the wand before his face she repeated the words Granny had told her.

“Tap, tap, little hammer,
Do not miss a lick.
Wily little Leprechaun,
Thou durst not turn a trick.”

When the little fellow saw that he was in Nancy's power, he turned quite pale and began to scheme again.

“Keep on through the forest,” said he, “and we will next come to the Fairies' Flower Garden where the most beautiful flowers in the world grow. There are flowers that no one else has ever seen.”

He thought that she could not resist looking at the flowers and then he could slip away. But Nancy was firm, and over and over she repeated the rhyme without once taking her eyes from the little man's face, though she would have given anything to have seen the Fairies' Garden.

“Now,” thought the Leprechaun, “I will try frightening her.”

“Keep on,” said he to Nancy. “We will soon be there.”

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All of a sudden she heard a terrible growling, as if all of the wild beasts were at her feet. She was so frightened that she almost dropped the little old man, a thing he was hoping she would do. But pulling herself together, she looked harder than ever at him and held the wand close to his face.

“Well,” said the Leprechaun, “I will give up. You are the first person I have ever failed to trick. You indeed deserve a reward; therefore I will really lead you to the treasure. Since your father is a very wealthy man, you do not need gold. I will give you a far greater treasure. Come with me.”

Over hills and streams they went as if on magic wings until they came to a mountain. To one side was a large stone, and Nancy was astonished beyond words when the Leprechaun waved his tiny hand, muttered a magic word, and the stone slowly rolled aside.

“Look in,” said the Leprechaun.

Nancy looked, and there she saw a most beautiful jeweled box encrusted with many precious stones.

“Look inside,” said he.

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She turned a little golden key, and the lid flew open. There in the center lay a gleaming crystal locket.

“Now,” said he, “this is my choicest treasure. Whenever you touch the golden spring which only you can find, the locket will fly open. At your will the fairies will come and tell you wonderful stories. Go now, and by all that is good and holy, please let me loose.”

Nancy, in her excitement, was still squeezing the poor little old fellow tightly.

She quickly thanked him, set him gently on the soft earth, and made her way home, guided by her new found fairy friends. And this is how little Nancy O’Neill got possession of the Crystal Locket.

When her small friends heard about her treasure she soon became a great favorite, for she could gaze into the Locket and tell the most beautiful stories of things she saw there.

Soon she grew into a beautiful young lady, and along came a gallant young man who claimed her for his bride. Time went on,

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and when her little daughter grew old enough, she gave the Locket to her.

There were other little sisters and brothers, but none save the eldest little girl could read the magic secrets. So in each succeeding generation only the eldest daughter had the power to read the charm. Now Miss Virginia, the eldest child of her parents, owned the treasure, and could gaze therein and read.





A RAINBOW STORY

IRIS OF THE RAINBOW

THE Beautiful Lady was surrounded, as usual, by the children. They had been sitting on the grass in the garden when all of a sudden big drops of rain began to fall, and they had to scamper to the porch as quickly as they could. They had not been there very long, however, when out came the sun, even while the rain drops continued to fall.

T H E C R Y S T A L L O C K E T

“Look, children; look at the wonderful rainbow,” said Miss Virginia. “How clear the colors are today. Can you name them?”

The children looked closely at the rainbow and slowly named the colors: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, but they declared they never could remember them after the rainbow faded away.

“Now let me see,” said the Beautiful Lady, “if there is not some way we can learn them so we will never forget, not even when we are very old.”

With this she touched the golden spring of the Crystal Locket and this is the story she told:

Once upon a time there were two little girls who had been shut up in the house because it had been raining very hard. Along about noon, just as they had finished playing all of the games they knew, the clouds began to break away. Later when it had stopped raining the sun came out and a lovely rainbow appeared in the east just like the one you children have just seen.

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The little girls grew very much excited, for they had just been reading in their book about the pot of gold that is always to be found at the foot of the rainbow.

“Let’s hurry and see if we can find it before the rainbow fades,” said Ruth to Mary.

Away went the little girls down the path, their golden curls bobbing up and down. Just as they were turning a corner they almost ran into an old lady with a sweet, patient face, standing hesitatingly on the curb.

“Wait a minute,” said Ruth, “until I help the lady.”

“Oh, come on,” cried Mary, “the rainbow will soon disappear and we will miss the pot of gold.”

Ruth, however, stopped and, taking the old lady by the arm, led her safely across the street. Running quickly on, she soon caught up with her sister, and together they danced along on their nimble little feet until they came to the edge of the town.

The houses became fewer, and the people were very poor. On the street a little child was crying, and again it was Ruth who

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stopped to see what was the matter. The little fellow had wandered away from home, and after a great deal of questioning Ruth found where he lived and returned him to his mother.

By this time Mary was out of sight, but Ruth ran on and on and finally came to the edge of a beautiful wood. Mary had become so tired that she had stopped under a big tree to rest, and it was there that Ruth met her.

“Come, let’s go on,” said she, and together they entered the wood. Before they had gone very far they came to a tiny house in the midst of a little garden in which grew hundreds and hundreds of violets.

“Oh!” said Mary, “did you ever see such lovely violets, and so many together? Look at the tiny little house. Who do you suppose lives there?”

Just then from the doorway came a little fairy wearing a beautiful shimmering dress, exactly the color of the violets, and little green slippers on her feet.

“Dear little fairy,” said Ruth, “please tell us who you are.”

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The fairy looked up shyly and said, "I am one of the Rainbow Fairies, the very first color that you always see."

"Violet," said both little girls in the same breath. "Indeed, we will never forget that lovely color."

"Where are you going?" the fairy asked.

"We are on our way to find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow," they said. "Can you tell us how to get there?"

"You will have to go to the next Rainbow Fairy who lives on the other side of the meadow," said Violet.

Just before she bade them farewell, she ran into the house and came out with a small parcel wrapped in silver paper.

"Take this to remember Violet, the Rainbow Fairy," she said.

When they opened the package they found a gleaming amethyst just the color of the violets. Mary and Ruth thanked the fairy, and in breathless haste started across the meadow.

Just as they were half way across they were attracted by a bit of moving grass, and

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going toward it they saw a rabbit with one leg caught in a cruel trap.

“Poor little thing,” said Ruth. “Let’s help him out of the trap.”

“Oh, come on,” said Mary. “You are always stopping for something. Let’s hurry along to see the next Rainbow Fairy.”

But Ruth took the little foot from the trap, with her handkerchief bound up the wounded leg, and let the poor frightened rabbit again go free.

Once more Ruth caught up with her sister, and just beyond the clump of trees they came to another garden in which grew flowers of a most beautiful blue, deep and rich. In the midst of the garden was another small house.

“This must surely be the house of the next fairy,” said Mary.

After a timid knock the girls saw the tiny door open, and the dainty lady of the house came out. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders, and in her hand she held a wand. Her dress was of the same rich blue as the garden flowers.

“Please tell us if you are the second Rain-

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bow Fairy," they said, as she came nearer.

"Yes," replied the fairy, "and my name is Indigo."

"What a funny name," they said. "But we will not forget this lovely color."

"To help you remember," the fairy promised, "I shall give you a little present."

Quickly she passed her wand over one of the loveliest of the flowers and drew forth a wonderful blue sapphire. The little girls were so pleased that they could hardly thank her properly, but after they had admired her gift as much as it deserved, they asked her to please tell them how they should go about finding the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

"You will have to go to the third Rainbow Fairy," she answered. "You will find her away over yonder mountain."

Ruth and Mary looked sad, for they knew they could never get across the mountain. Seeing their look, the indigo fairy said, "Never mind, my dears, with my wand I will make some little wings grow on your shoes, and soon you will be across the mountain."

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With this she waved her magic wand, and immediately the two girls found themselves skimming over the mountain as fast as the birds themselves.

For some time they looked before they found the third Rainbow Fairy. It was Mary who spied the magic spot this time.

“Look,” said she. “Do you see that wonderful bank of forget-me-nots?”

“And there is the little house just on the edge of the stream,” replied Ruth.

Gently they sank to the earth. All around bloomed the lovely little blue flowers with their yellow centers.

Presently from a small bench at the rear of the house a sleepy fairy came forth.

“Well,” said she, rubbing her eyes, “I was just taking my afternoon nap. What can I do for you?”

“Are you a Rainbow Fairy? Please tell me your name,” asked Ruth breathlessly.

The fairy spread her tiny blue skirts and danced a step or two before replying. Then she said, “Yes, I am the third Rainbow Fairy, and I am just called Blue.”



THE TWO GIRLS FOUND THEMSELVES SKIMMING OVER THE MOUNTAIN

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“You dear little fairy,” exclaimed the girls. “We will never forget you. Can’t you come with us on our search for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow?”

“No,” replied the fairy, “I can’t leave home, for who would be here to guide the next little girls who come this way? You will have to go to the next Rainbow Fairy who lives on the other side of the wood.”

Both of the girls began to cry, for they knew that without help they could never find the way.

“Dear me,” said the fairy, “little girls must not cry like this.”

In the twinkling of an eye, two beautiful red foxes were standing saddled and ready to take the two children through the forest. Before bidding them good-bye the blue fairy laughed gleefully, and dancing around and around on her tiny toes, she skipped over to the spot where Ruth was standing and placed in her hand a lovely turquoise of heavenly blue.

What fun they had riding on the backs of the swift little foxes! It seemed almost no

time until they had reached the other side of the forest. All around the soil seemed very rocky, and no flowers were blooming there. The little girls walked on for quite awhile. They were about to decide that the little foxes had put them down in the wrong place when, all of a sudden, they spied the greenest grass they had ever seen growing, in a plot about the size of their own front yard. In the middle of the grass stood a small green house with a wee red chimney. Instead of a fairy, a droll little pixie appeared. His clothes were as green as the grass, but his peaked hat and long turned-up shoes were a lovely rich brown.

“Ha,” said he. “What are you two girls after so far away from your home?”

At this the little girls were a bit frightened, for they had expected to see another fairy instead of this queer little fellow.

“Ha, ha!” he cried again. “Would you like to see my parrots?”

With a shrill whistle he called his pets, and from all directions flew tiny green parrots, chattering as hard as they could. Ruth and

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Mary were much amused, and declared they would like to have one for a pet.

“Would you tell us your name, please?” asked Mary.

“Certainly,” said he. “My name is Gerald Granberry Green, but I am called Green for short.”

“So you are the green of the rainbow, aren’t you?” asked Ruth.

“That’s what I am,” said the pixie.

“Then tell us how to get the pot of gold,” they said.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed again, “so you believe in the pot of gold?”

“Indeed we do,” replied the little girls.

“Well, you may go through my garden, and my parrots will guide you to the next one who will tell you about the pot of gold,” said he.

“Oh,” exclaimed Ruth, “there is a tiny baby parrot with a broken wing. I will find the nest and give it back to its mother.”

While Ruth was searching for the mother parrot the little pixie called his favorite bird, and speaking in a weird language, bade him

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go to Mary. The bird flew on her shoulder, and into her lap dropped a sparkling emerald, as green as the grass that grew all around them.

By this time Ruth was ready to start, and guided by the beautiful green and yellow bird, they soon found themselves in a garden of daffodils. There they saw a fairy ring, and round and round danced a band of fairies all dressed in the color of the yellow daffodils. In the middle of the ring sat the queen. On her head was a wee crown made of beautiful yellow gems. When she saw the girls she bade the children cease their dancing, and came forth to speak to them.

“Surely,” said Mary, “you must be the Yellow Rainbow Fairy.”

“You are right,” said the little queen.

“Now, will you please tell us how to reach the pot of gold?” they asked.

“Take this little gift,” said the fairy, “and you will be guided at once to the next fairy, who will send you on your way.”

She then handed Ruth a beautiful gem that she called a topaz.

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“Now,” said she, “this is a magic stone. If you wish to be with the next fairy, you will yourselves be there at once.”

Mary and Ruth thanked the yellow fairy, and just as soon as they made their wish, they found themselves in Marigold Garden, which was presided over by a queer little gnome.

“How do you like my flowers?” he asked, as he stroked his long white beard.

“They are lovely,” replied Ruth. “Do you care for all of these yourself?”

“Yes, with the help of my little animal friends,” he answered.

Mary and Ruth realized that he was the Orange of the rainbow.

“And what is your name?” they asked.

“Oscar Oliver Orangecowitz, but they always call me Orange,” he replied.

The girls were delighted that they had met the next to the last Rainbow Fairies, and asked their usual question as to how they could find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

“Ah,” said he, “you are almost there. Go

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to one more fairy, and she will lead you the rest of the way."

The little girls were much excited to hear that their journey was nearly ended.

"Take this," said the little gnome, "to remember me by."

This time their gift was a beautiful piece of yellow jasper almost the color of the marigolds.

"Thank you," both the little girls said at once, and using their magic topaz, they soon found themselves in a lovely field of poppies. This time they did not see any signs of life, so they called and called. After quite awhile there was a gentle rustling, and several little sleepy fairy heads peeped out from among the poppies.

"What makes them so sleepy?" asked Mary.

"Why, the poppies, of course," said Ruth.

Finally one little fairy all in red crept out and began to talk to the children. When they told her that they were looking for the pot of gold, she said, "You have been to see each of my six sisters and brothers, and each has

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given you a precious gem. I am the last of the Rainbow Fairies, and I am Ruby Red. Here is my offering, the most precious of all, a genuine pigeon-blood ruby. I shall now lead you to the foot of the rainbow, which is very near.”

The little red fairy skipped ahead, now thoroughly awake, and in a few minutes Mary and Ruth beheld a sight such as they had never dreamed of. They were really at the foot of a beautiful rainbow, and standing there was Iris, the Rainbow Goddess, holding the pot of gold. She seemed to be expecting her little guests, for she called them both by name.

“You little girls have come a far journey,” she said, “and now I will give into your hands a pot of gold. You may carry it home and divide it. But what are those gleaming jewels you have? To which little girl do they belong?” she asked suddenly as she saw that each child carried several gems.

Just then appeared a sweet-faced old lady who walked with a crutch. She pointed to Ruth and said, “It was she who stopped and

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helped an old lady across a busy street. Give her the lovely amethyst.”

A little child next appeared, now smiling, and said, “Give that little girl the sapphire for me, for it was she who took me to my mother when I was lost.” He also pointed to Ruth.

A rabbit with a wee bit of handkerchief bound around his leg next came to beg that Ruth have the turquoise. Then there was the parrot with the injured wing, and so on until each jewel was given to Ruth.

The Goddess Iris took them all in her hand, and with a few swift strokes fastened them on a golden chain, and clasped it around Ruth’s neck.

“My dear child,” said she, “here is something that will always help you to remember the colors of the rainbow, for on this necklace are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. But far above the value of these precious stones, my dear, are the kindly deeds you have done along the way.”

The children stood there amazed with the pot of gold and the jewels. Then suddenly

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they realized they must be getting home. As they started off Iris stooped down and kissed them, and when they looked up the rainbow had faded.





AN ALPINE STORY

THE GOAT WHOSE EARS WENT WRONG

THE children sat around a bright wood fire in the big house, popping corn and roasting chestnuts. The Beautiful Lady had just returned from a long journey, and the children gathered to welcome her home. After the long absence they seemed to love her more than ever.

“How about a story?” said she.

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The children looked at once for the Crystal Locket, but alas! it was not in its usual place on the Beautiful Lady's throat.

"How can you tell a story," they asked, "without the Crystal Locket?"

"Truly, I cannot," she replied, "but I will get the Locket. I cannot wear it around my neck today because the gold chain is broken, but I will hold it in my hand and we will see what we can find. What kind of story would you like?"

"How about an animal story?" said one of the little boys.

"Yes, please do," the other children all chimed in.

For quite a long time Miss Virginia gazed into the little Crystal Locket before she began her story. Then she spoke.

"Far over the seas, I see some high and beautiful mountains, so high indeed, that their tops seem to touch the sky. They have been covered with ice and snow all winter, but now the spring has come and the grass and flowers are growing on the mountain sides. One can hear the tinkle, tinkle of the little bells on the necks of the goats that have

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been brought to pasture. Little Swiss boys and girls may be seen picking flowers and ferns as they tend the goats.”

Miss Virginia paused and looked long into the Locket before she continued:

Two children are climbing the mountain, a boy and a girl. The little boy's name is Peter, while his sister is called Katrina. These children do not live in Switzerland, but have come with their father and mother from Holland. The father has been ill, and has come to the sweet pure air of the high Alps mountains to recover his health. Back in their own city of Amsterdam he had been a lapidary, or one who cuts diamonds and other precious stones. The tiny flying bits of stone, almost like dust, had affected his lungs, and the doctor had said he would die unless he went at once to the mountains of Switzerland.

The family had very little money, for the father had long been unable to work. They could not stay at the fine hotels where the rich people went, but they had a little home on the mountain side. Each day as the chil-

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dren played about, they wished for some way to earn money to help with the living expenses. The little Swiss boys and girls seemed to know many things to do, but they were at home and knew just where to go and what to do to earn some money. The Dutch children were strangers and were timid about asking for errands.

One day as they were passing one of the inns they saw some gay young people sitting on the porch. As they looked up a young woman beckoned to them. Peter and Katrina hastened to see what she wanted. She asked the children if they knew where the edelweiss grew.

The Dutch children knew about this rare plant which was so much desired by visitors, but they had not yet found it growing. It is a pure, silver-white, star-shaped flower and is the national flower of Switzerland, just as the goldenrod is the national flower of America and the fleur-de-lis of France. Edelweiss is a German name and means noble flower, and is the emblem of purity. It is found in exposed places, high on the rocky cliffs, and its fame is due chiefly to the difficulty in se-

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curing it. In one's hand it seems to be a piece of white velvet or wool.

The young woman at the inn told them she would pay them well for all the edelweiss they could find, because she wanted to press it and mount it on little cards to send to her friends.

Peter and Katrina were delighted at the prospect of making some money. They ran all the way home to tell their father and mother. The mother smiled at the children, and thought to herself they would never find so rare a plant.

Bright and early the next morning the children were up and ready to start.

"Mother, may we take some lunch?" asked Katrina. "Then we can have all day to hunt."

Their mother prepared a little basket of bread and cheese and kissing them good-bye, she bade them be careful. Then off they started.

On and on they went up the mountain side looking among the rocks at every turn. Other beautiful flowers such as Alpine roses, forget-me-nots and pansies seemed to grow in abundance, but not a trace of the treas-

ured edelweiss could be seen. After several hours of climbing, the children began to grow weary and decided to sit down on a big stone and eat their lunch.

“Peter,” said Katrina, “I do not believe we shall ever find the treasure.”

“Perhaps not,” said Peter doubtfully.

About this time a sad little bleating was heard, and looking just above them the children saw a small goat.

“How pitiful the little goat sounds. Let’s go and see what is the matter,” said Katrina.

The children looked at each other in wonder as they drew near, for they could understand what the little goat was saying. When Peter and Katrina drew quite near, this is what they heard:

“I am always singing a sad, sad song,
Because my billy goat ears went wrong.”

“What do you suppose he means?” said Peter.

“Why, look at his ears,” replied Katrina.

They really did go wrong, for instead of pointed ears that lay back on his head, this poor little goat had long floppy ears like a

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dog, and short woolly hair. The children came to the sad little goat and began to pet him.

“Poor little goat,” said Katrina, “tell me why you are so sad.”

Then the little goat told the story of how the other goats had made fun of his ears, how they had butted him with their horns and scorned him until he had to leave them.

“Poor little fellow,” said Peter, “you come with us, for we do not mind your ears.”

At this kind remark the little goat ceased his bleating and joyfully followed the children.

“Maybe the little goat can help us find the edelweiss,” said Katrina.

At the mention of edelweiss, the goat flopped his queer ears and started out on a trot, looking back for the children to follow him.

On and on they went until they came to a mountain that seemed to go straight up into the clouds. Since the children knew they could never climb so steep a rock, they began to look very disappointed.

Just then the goat gently took the empty basket from Katrina’s hand, and grasping it

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firmly between his teeth motioned for the children to wait. In an instant he was climbing the steep rock. Peter and Katrina looked at each other in amazement, but decided to sit down and wait for the goat to return.

From the place they were sitting they could see a silvery waterfall which fell over the rocks like a lace veil. The soothing noise together with their weariness from the steep climb caused the children to be very drowsy and after a time they stretched out and went fast asleep. They never knew just how long they slept, but they were awakened by the bleating of the goat.

“I am always singing a sad, sad song,
Because my billy goat ears went wrong.”

They looked up and to their great delight they saw the little basket filled with the beautiful flowers. They gratefully petted the sad little goat and then all three started happily down the mountain side as fast as they could go.

They had to pass their home on their way to the inn, and they ran into the house to show the wonderful flowers to their mother.

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When she came out and saw the goat, she could not help laughing at the queer little creature with the floppy ears. But at the sound of the laughter he began his mournful little bleat. The children then told their mother how the goat had brought them the edelweiss and how sad he was over his floppy ears. The mother ceased laughing and patted the little beast on the head.

When they brought their white treasure to the young woman at the inn she was delighted, and said that their edelweiss was the loveliest she had ever seen. She paid them well and told them she would buy all they could bring her.

The goat had a good supper and a nice place to sleep that night for the first time in many weeks. In the morning the three started out again, and again the goat brought back the basket filled with flowers. For several weeks the children sold them to the young woman at the inn, and they were very sorry when she told them she was leaving very soon, in fact the next day.

The children had grown to love the sad little goat, and he was happier than he had



THEY SAW THE LITTLE BASKET FILLED WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

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ever been in his short life. Sometimes a band of gay picnickers would pass and laugh at the appearance of the queer little animal and he would bleat his usual song:

“I am always singing a sad, sad song,
Because my billy goat ears went wrong.”

On the last evening the little goat stayed away so long that the children grew uneasy. They waited and waited, and finally took off their shoes and stockings and started to climb the high rock in search of him. This was a very dangerous climb for them, but they had not gone far when they heard a soft little bleat, and looking up, saw the goat trying to pull his leg from under a loose stone that had fallen upon it.

“Poor little Billy,” said the children in one breath. “Let’s hurry to help him.”

When they finally reached the goat’s side Peter lifted the stone, and when he picked it up he found some very beautiful quartz crystals.

“Just see what he has found for us,” ex-

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claimed Katrina. "Let's hurry home and show them to father. He will know if they are valuable."

That evening the children rushed into the house in great excitement.

"Look, father," they cried, "see what the goat has found for us!"

The father took the bright stones in his hand and a wonderful smile overspread his face.

"My children," he said, "you have found a real treasure. These stones are genuine crystals, and when I cut and polish them they will glisten like diamonds. In the Swiss mountains the finest crystals are found. Your little goat friend has discovered something that will keep us from poverty for many a day."

That night a very happy family gathered for supper, and in their midst was the goat who had quite forgotten to be sad.

The father had quite recovered his health by the time the winter snow began to fall and plans were being made for the family's return to Holland.

"What will we do with Billy?" asked the

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children. "We can never leave him to be sad again."

They were discussing the question for the hundredth time one afternoon as they sat with the goat at their side when all of a sudden a little pixie appeared and began asking them questions.

"What is your trouble?" he asked.

"We have a very dear little goat who has been our best friend," they answered. "We are going away to our home in Holland and the poor little fellow cannot find a home because he has queer ears and everyone laughs at him."

Just then the goat bleated sadly:

"I am always singing a sad, sad song,
Because my billy goat ears went wrong."

The pixie then looked at the sad little goat and said, "Children, do not worry any longer over your friend. From now on he will be like other goats, and his hair will be long and silky, so that the other goats will envy him. Look the other way just a minute."

When the children looked around again

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they could hardly believe their eyes. Such a handsome goat they had never seen. Instead of the queer ears there were new ones that set back neatly on his head. Around his neck was a silver bell, and instead of the sad bleating, the goat was singing a new tune. And this is the way it went:

“I am always singing a glad refrain,
Because my ears are right again.”

With a farewell hug, Peter and Katrina left Billy and the pixie and went slowly down the mountain to their home.





A TRAVEL STORY

TREASURES FROM A LACQUER BOX

THE bright spring morning was sweet and cool. Lilacs were blooming in the garden, while purple and white iris bordered the flagstone walks. Old-fashioned pinks gave forth their spicy fragrance, and the apple trees showered their pink and white petals over the grass like a miniature snowstorm.

One would expect to find the Beautiful Lady in her accustomed place in the garden, but this morning she sat inside with her

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lacquer box in her lap, completely lost in thought. On her journey across the seas she had collected from many countries rare bits of handicraft, and now she wondered as she took each delicate piece out of the lacquer box just what story or legend it told.

She was holding a tiny ivory elephant when she heard a knock at the door. At her invitation the merry band of boys and girls trooped in and gathered around her, begging as usual for a story.

“Oh, how lovely,” exclaimed the children as they looked at the beautiful pieces. “Do tell us about them.”

The Beautiful Lady let each child hold a treasure, and then she placed them on a small table before her.

“Do you think the Crystal Locket could tell their story?” the children asked her.

“Which piece would you like to hear about first?” she questioned as she brought out the Locket.

A skillfully modeled little ivory building stood on the end of the table, and this the children decided to hear about first.

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“All right,” said the Beautiful Lady, “I will tell you about that first.”

Long, long ago in India, a princess had a wonderful dream. She saw a building of wondrous beauty made of white marble delicately carved in lace-like patterns. On the walls were flower patterns made of precious stones. She told her husband about the dream, and he commanded the finest builders in the kingdom to work out the plan as she had seen it in her dream. But they tried in vain. They could not reproduce the palace of her dreams.

Just as he was about to despair, a holy man came to the prince and offered his assistance. The holy man gave to a builder a magic drink, and immediately before the builder's wondering eyes, the plan of the beautiful building was revealed in all of its glory.

Feverishly he worked at drawing the building until he was exhausted for fear that the plan would not be completed and perfect before the effect of the magic drug wore off. Many men worked for years before the

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building itself was completed. The prince made it a memorial to his beloved wife. This is the famous Taj Mahal of India.

The tiny ivory model which you children see was made by a skilled craftsman and sold to visitors who visited that country.

The next piece was a beautiful fan with carved ivory sticks inlaid with silver leaves. The top was of rice paper on which were mounted numbers of little figures of Chinese ladies with silken dresses and little painted ivory faces. The ivory sticks were caught together on a small bar which was tipped with a sparkling red gem.

“Let’s see,” said the Beautiful Lady, as she looked again into the Locket. “In the middle of the fan is a Manchu lady with a rich crimson dress of brocaded silk embroidered in butterflies. Her smooth black hair is worn very high on her head and fastened with rare jeweled pins. In the distance is a Chinese temple, and surrounding the lady are maids-in-waiting. It was for this same little lady that the fan was made many years ago with the picture of herself.”

With the fall of the Manchus their great wealth slipped away, and the fan that had come down to her great-great grandchild had to be sold in a collector's store. The bright eyes of the little Chinese were filled with tears as she parted with her treasure.

“What about that little polar bear?” asked one of the little boys.

“That is from faraway Greenland,” said the Beautiful Lady. “This little bear is made of ivory too, not from the elephant's tusks, but from the tusk of the walrus. This much I know, but we will see if the Locket will reveal the story at greater length.”

I see an Eskimo father and his two sons. They have just returned from a great hunting expedition. Such wonderful luck they seldom had, for they had killed a great white polar bear and an immense walrus with huge ivory tusks.

That evening they gathered around the big lamp in the igloo which was their home, and began wondering what they could do to celebrate the hunt. Suddenly the idea came

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to one of the sons that the father should carve the figure of the polar bear from the ivory tusk of the walrus.

Evening after evening the father carved on the little bear. When it was finished, a trader came to those cold and icy shores and was much attracted by the carving. He made such a good offer for it that the father gave it up; not without a pang of regret however, for as the little bear was fashioned bit by bit into the perfect whole, the family had become much attached to it.

The next bit of carving was not of ivory, as were the other pieces, but of beautiful wood. A snow white swan carved from holly was mounted on a plaque of rich walnut, and closely resembled a cameo.

The graceful swan with its long, slender neck was so finely carved that each tiny feather was perfectly marked. In its head was set a very small pink eye. Around the water on which the swan seemed to swim were rushes and very small water lilies. The Beautiful Lady then told the children this story about the bird:

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Many years ago at an interesting old palace in England there lived some real swans, and each day they were seen swimming in the ancient moat around the palace. There was a drawbridge in the long ago and when it was raised all entrance to the palace was cut off and everyone inside was made safe from an attacking enemy.

A little girl spent many hours each day watching the swans swim about and they grew very tame. On the tower above the drawbridge was hung a little bell to which was fastened a ribbon. When the swans were hungry she taught them to pull the ribbon with their long, flat bills and the bell would ring. She would then bring them food to eat.

Many years have passed since then, but the swans taught their young ones how to ring the bell when hungry, and so ever since the swans of the palace have interested the visitors who watch them pull the ribbon and ring the bell for their food.

A frail young man sits on a bench with his crutch by his side and carves the lovely white swans from the holly to sell to the visitors.

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“Just one more story and we must close,” said the Beautiful Lady, taking in her hand what seemed to be a very small silver book.

“Whoever saw such a tiny book!” the children exclaimed.

They really thought it was a book, but the Beautiful Lady had a surprise for them, for when it was opened, it proved to be a box, and did not have pages like other books. From the box she pulled out a string of tiny beads made from mother-of-pearl, on the end of which hung a very small silver cross.

“Do tell us where you got it,” begged the children.

“This little box came from far over the seas from a city about which you children have heard, especially at Christmas time. Can you guess where?”

“Could it be Bethlehem?” asked one little girl.

“Yes, my dear, that is right. How many of you children know a Christmas song about Bethlehem?”

At that the voices of the children were raised in the beautiful Christmas carol:



SHE TAUGHT THEM TO PULL THE RIBBON WITH THEIR LONG BILLS

A T R A V E L S T O R Y

“O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.”

“This is a rosary,” said the Beautiful Lady, “which was sold in one of the many shops in Bethlehem where much exquisite pearl work is made.”

“There were finely carved pieces of all kinds, among them sandals inlaid in rare designs of pearl, brooches, cuff links, and very small pearl spoons. The women of Bethlehem are very beautiful and their robes and peculiar head dress are very attractive.”

She then passed the little pearl rosary around so that each child might see it before she put it back into the silver box.

Since the Beautiful Lady had said that this was the last story the children began getting ready to leave. But they were surprised to hear her tell them to wait.

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“Children,” said she, “now comes the best part of the story.”

Once upon a time there was a woman who had five very dear little friends. When she went on a long journey she often thought about them and wished they were with her to help enjoy the wonderful sights.

Since they could not be with her on these journeys, she remembered them along the way by bringing them some little gifts.

“These little friends were you, my dears. And now hold out your hands and see what else comes out of the lacquer box.”

Amid loud bursts of joy the little gifts were distributed. To one child was given the tiniest black cat, carved from ebony. This, the Beautiful Lady said, was from Paris.

The children all gathered to see the wee cat with its specks of green eyes. Another received a perfect little ivory elephant, said to have been blest by a holy man. This was from India. To another their friend gave a little stork, which was also of ivory, and ever so frail and graceful as it stood on its long,

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slender legs. The child was very pleased.

An Eskimo dog with pointed ears and a bushy tail, resembling an ivory rose, went to the next little child, and the littlest one received the tiniest white mouse imaginable, seated on his hind legs, with his forepaws in the air, looking straight ahead out of his wee pink eyes.

With many expressions of thanks to the Beautiful Lady, the children took their presents and departed.





A STORY OF THE LOST JEWELS

THE CARRIER PIGEON

A FLOCK of pigeons sailed across the sky and faded away in the distance. The eyes of the little group of children watched the flying birds as long as they could be seen.

“How would you like to hear a story about a wonderful pigeon that brought riches and fame to its owners?” asked Miss Virginia.

“Please do tell us,” said all the children together.

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“As soon as I go in and get the Locket,” she said.

In a short time they were all seated on the grass, and so interested that they hardly moved while they heard this story which Miss Virginia told them:

Long ago in a country across the seas lived a family of four. There were the father, who was a famous surgeon, the mother, and two sons. One of the sons was named Herman, while the other was called Nicholas.

For many years the family had lived in great prosperity. The children had never known what it was to be in want of anything. Instead of going to school like other children, they had a tutor, who taught them among other things to fence. In this the boys came to be quite expert. They had bright little boots with golden spurs, and coats and hats that were the envy of their little comrades.

Sad to say, this happy state of affairs did not continue. One day the news came that the father's large investments had failed, and to add to this, the doctor was taken very

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ill and for many weeks was unable to practice his profession. At last, one sad day, the mother, with tears in her eyes, told the boys that they would be obliged to move to a house in a poorer neighborhood.

Of course the boys were sad to leave the lovely home they had always known, but they were fine manly little fellows, so they tried to cheer their mother as best they could.

The day came when they moved to the new home and Nicholas and Herman immediately began to explore the house and yard. At the back of the house they saw a small enclosure in which pigeons had been kept. As they drew near they heard a faint cooing noise, and on going inside the pen they discovered a baby pigeon without a single feather on its poor little body.

“My,” said Herman, “someone has left this poor baby bird to starve.”

“Do you think we can save it?” asked Nicholas.

The children went into the house and asked their mother to tell them what to feed the baby pigeon.

“I am afraid,” she said, “that it will be

hard for you to feed this little fellow, for the mother pigeon always puts the food from her own mouth into that of the baby bird.”

“We will try, at any rate,” said Herman.

They took some very fine oatmeal, mixed it with water, and while one held the little bill open the other poked down the food until its crop was quite round.

Next day they expected to see the little orphan pigeon dead, but to their surprise they were greeted with even louder cooing. They again fed the pigeon and gave it water. Each day this continued and very soon stubby little feathers began to pop out all over the little body.

“What was the pigeon’s name?” asked the listening children.

“I do not know what it was called in the language the children spoke,” said the Beautiful Lady. “Suppose we suggest a name.”

“Let me name it,” begged one of the children. “Let’s call it Lindy, for he too sailed through the clouds.”

“That is a very good name,” they agreed.

Now as time went on Lindy grew into a very nice-looking bird. Each day when the

children came near, it would coo with delight, for it always expected food. One day it began to try its wings a little distance. The flying was awkward at first, but each day its wings grew stronger and stronger. The boys would take it out of the pen and let it fly about the yard.

One day the boys were showing their pet to a friend who had come to see their father.

“Boys,” said he, “do you know that you have a *carrier* pigeon?”

“What does that mean?” asked Nicholas.

“The name *carrier* is given because this kind of pigeon carries messages, sometimes around its neck, but more often on a piece of paper placed in a quill and fastened by a band to its leg. Messages of great importance are carried in this way.”

“Would it not be exciting to get a message in this way?” exclaimed Herman.

“Yes, indeed,” replied his brother. “Let’s try to train our pigeon to carry messages.”

At first the boys would take the pigeon a short distance and let it go. Almost before they could return, the bird would be in its own yard.



"LET'S CALL IT LINDY"

The distance was gradually increased, and always the pigeon would return. One day when the boys were playing in the yard the bird hopped on Herman's shoulder and up near his ear, as if whispering a message. There was a gentle flapping of wings, when, soaring into the air, the pigeon was soon out of sight.

Night came on and it did not return. The weeks passed and the boys gave up all hope of ever seeing their pet again.

They were quite sad about the loss of Lindy, but things were brighter in the home. The father's health was improving and this made them all very happy. One day while he was reading the newspaper his attention was called to great headlines. The jewels belonging to the empress and emperor had been stolen and a large reward was offered for their recovery.

The children were much excited and fell to discussing the robbery. Each day after that they would hurry to get the paper to see if there was any news of the lost treasure. The reward was increased, and it was said that

the big bell in the tower of the palace would ring when the jewels were returned.

Days passed and the jewels were not found. Then interest began to wane, for hope of finding them was about lost.

One day the children were playing as usual in the yard when they sighted a tiny speck in the sky. Nearer it came until, when quite close, they found it was their carrier pigeon. Right into the old pen it flew and settled down as if to rest awhile.

Nicholas quickly picked it up to pet it, while Herman went to get water for the weary little traveller. As Nicholas took the pigeon in his hand he felt something strange, and, looking down, he saw a quill fastened securely to the leg of the pigeon.

“Come quickly,” said he, “our bird has a message.”

The boys lost no time in loosening the band and removing the quill. They took it to their father, who very carefully unsealed it and took from it a very small piece of paper. This he studied very carefully for some time. At first he could make nothing of the queer

words written on the paper; then finally a great light dawned.

“This,” said he, “is a code message, which seems to be of great importance. If I could find the key we might make a discovery.”

For several days he worked, and on into the night, trying every key he had ever heard of to solve the code messages. On the fifth day the children heard a cry of victory.

“Come,” said he, “I have found the way to read the message.”

On the slip was written a message that seemed to be from one person to another about how to find a hidden treasure. The words, even though deciphered, were hard to understand, and it took many more days for the father to find the meaning of the message. Then the father was afraid to tell anyone what he had learned. But when he was ready to start on the journey according to the directions given he could not bear to refuse to let the boys go along.

It was night when they started, and they had only a lantern to light them on their way. Over rough fields they tramped until they came to the dark woodland.

The boys tried to appear very brave, but at the sight of the dark and gloomy forest ahead their hearts beat a little faster and their knees trembled ever so little.

A path was found, and on they went. Every now and then they would stop, and by the light of the lantern consult the paper that contained the directions. Far into the night they journeyed. The boys were beginning to get very tired indeed when, all of a sudden, they came to a stone wall which stood across the path.

“What can that be?” asked Nicholas.

“Let’s explore,” suggested the father.

After going around the side the boys made out the outline of an old deserted castle which had long ago fallen into decay.

“Boys,” said he, “I believe we have almost reached the end of our journey.”

The boys were wild with excitement, and asked their father what he would do next.

“There should be some steps somewhere which lead to an underground passage,” he said.

The lantern was held close to the ground,

when, with a shout of delight, Nicholas spied the steps which were almost hidden with moss and earth. On close inspection, however, it was found that they had been recently used.

Down the dark passage the three went. A rabbit jumped past, and Herman almost lost his footing, so frightened was he. At last the foot of the steps was reached, and walking a short distance through the underground passage, they came to a small room. At first sight it seemed to be absolutely empty, and the little band of treasure seekers was about to turn away, when Nicholas discovered an iron ring in the side of the wall.

“What do you suppose that could be?” he asked his father.

They all drew near, and when the ring was pulled forward a drawer slid out. The father pulled it out all the way from its hiding place. When they gathered around they saw a sight that almost left them speechless. There before them lay the wonderful jewels that belonged to the Emperor!

The joy of the little party was so great that they hardly knew what to do next. It was

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decided that each should carry a third of the marvelous treasure. As the large diamonds were placed in charge of Herman he could not utter a word. Then came the rubies, the emeralds, and the great blue sapphires until the drawer was quite empty.

They had to hurry very fast to get home before the dawn, for it would be dangerous to be seen with so priceless a treasure. When the weary travellers returned home and showed the mother the result of their hunt she could hardly believe her eyes.

After resting awhile the father took the two boys and started to the palace. The mother remained at home and heard the great bell peal forth its deep, rich tones and knew that the emperor had his jewels safe again.

The story was told of the little carrier pigeon, which had stopped to see its good friends while on its way from one robber to another and how it had been the cause of the recovery of the jewels.

“To you,” said the emperor to the father, “I will give the position of chief surgeon in the royal household. The reward shall be

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divided between the boys, for had they not been kind in saving the life of the forsaken pigeon my treasures would not have been found.

“And now, to honor the little pigeon, I will have its exact likeness made in pure gold and placed at the entrance of the palace, so that no one will ever forget its great service to the emperor.”





A SOUTHERN STORY

SOUTHERN GOLD

THE children were in the orchard gathering the luscious peaches that hung like red and yellow globes among the green leaves of the trees. They looked up, and coming toward them along the path was Miss Virginia. She looked very lovely in her fresh white dress and large garden hat, which was fastened under her chin with a bow of pink ribbon.

“I saw you children gathering peaches,” said she, “and thought you might like to see one of my little treasures.”

With this she held out her hand. In it lay a tiny little basket with a curved handle which she said was carved from a peach stone.

“How could that possibly be?” asked the children. “It is very dark brown, and these peach stones are a light yellow.”

“The dark color,” she said, “is from age, for this little basket is even older than your grandmothers. A soldier, long ago, carved this little basket while he was in prison and gave it to my grandmother when she was young.”

This made the children think of the stories about the war, and with one accord they begged Miss Virginia to tell them a story of the Old South when their grandparents were young and gay. With the aid of her Crystal Locket the story started thus:

A long time ago in a little southern village there lived some very happy little boys and

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girls. Their house was built in the midst of a large oak grove—a beautiful home with large white columns and porches above and below. On each side of the porch grew roses, wistaria and sweet jasmine vines. The name of the house was Rose Villa. In the evening the older boys and girls would sit on the steps and play the guitar and sing, for in those days there were no theaters to which they might go, nor automobiles in which to ride.

At the back of the house singing could be heard, for the negro quarters were there; and on warm evenings one could always hear the darkies singing their favorite old songs. Now and then there would be the strumming of a banjo, and at intervals the barking of a dog would break the melody. Life was pleasant for the children in those days.

When the rain came and the children could not be out-of-doors, they all enjoyed playing in the carriage. The old-fashioned carriages were built high from the ground, and a step let down for the ladies to ascend. Sam, a small negro boy, would play coachman, and with great dignity would bow and help little

Missy into the coach. Then he would mount to the driver's seat and make a great deal of noise as he called to the imaginary horses.

Another rainy day diversion was the visits to the attic, when the little girls dressed up in hoop skirts and the boys in their grandfather's old clothes. On one of these visits to the attic the children found a wooden doll that had come down in the family for several generations. Of all the dolls, Joe (for that was his name) became the favorite. Very little paint was left on his round wooden face, and it was gone completely from his feet, which were made of lead. But this was one of his charms, for with his leaden feet he could be made to write on bits of paper. This, the children said, was his way of talking.

Joe, being the only man of the doll family, was exceedingly popular. Often he served as the groom at weddings. He was always the candidate at baptisms because the water never damaged him other than making his joints swell.

Whenever a cat or a chicken died there would be a great funeral. Sometimes Sam

would be the preacher and again Harry, his young master, would conduct the services. Little Missy and all the negroes from the quarters would take the parts of pallbearers, flower bearers, and mourners. Tombstones were very numerous in the animal graveyard.

One day Aunt Martha called the children to her cabin. "Honey chillun," said she, "po' ole Lily done gone and got daid. Mighty fine ole Lily. Have to have fine fun'ral for him."

The departed Lily was a very old cat, black as night. His teeth had long ago disappeared, and his pink tongue, having nothing to hold it in place, was invariably hanging out. He had been given the name of Lily by a mischievous young uncle of the children.

The death of such an important member of the household was received with great solemnity, and preparations at once began for a big funeral. Aunt Martha, Aunt Sarah, and Uncle Jerry, of the grown-up negroes, were invited, as well as the white folk from the big house. The funeral was to be under



THE LITTLE GIRLS DRESSED UP IN HOOP SKIRTS AND THE BOYS IN THEIR GRANDFATHER'S OLD CLOTHES

a large sycamore tree and the friends were urged to be on time.

Meantime the children were very busy. Quite a problem presented itself concerning Lily's coffin.

"I know the very thing," said Harry.

"What dat?" asked Sam.

"I know where a fine cheese box is," said Harry.

"Now jes' lissen to dat. Who eber see a round coffin? Ha, ha, you mus' think ole Lily so fat he broad as he is long."

Harry's face fell, but after all nothing else could be found. Aunt Sarah comforted them by covering the round cheese box with some black cloth and putting on two handles made of cords for the convenience of the pallbearers. The round box was then considered quite an appropriate and suitable casket for Lily.

All of the mourners arrived, and soon the first hymn was over. The closing verse and chorus was lustily sung by the little darkies who had learned it when they were mere babies. The words went like this:

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“Dar’s a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An’ I don’ want her leave-a me behind.
Dar’s silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
And I don’ want her leave-a me behind.”

Chorus

“Good news, de chariot’s com-in, good news,
de chariot’s com-in,
Good news, good news, de good news,
Good news, chariot’s com-in.
I don’ want her leave-a me behind.”

The sermon was just starting, when one of the little black mourners suddenly spied a long green watermelon which had been brought by one of the white folks. He looked at Sam, who was doing the preaching, and pointed to the melon.

No sooner had Sam’s eyes alighted on the luscious melon than he quickly said, “De services will be ’cluded at de grabe.”

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The pallbearers, preacher and chief mourners picked up the casket, deposited it in the grave and hastily covered it with a neat mound of earth. Someone had brought a lily to plant as a tribute to poor old Lily's memory. Then swiftly the little band joined hands, and dancing around the grave began to sing:

“All around the lily bush,
All around the lily bush,
All around the lily bush,
Get out o' my way and don' you push.”

The melon was soon cut and the funeral services ended in a happy feast. That evening the children slipped out and gathered around the doorway of Aunt Martha's cabin. Their minds turned back to the funeral of the afternoon.

“Aunt Martha,” said Harry, “are you scared of ghosts?”

“Now, chile, how come you ax me dat?”

“Well,” said he, “do you think old Lily would haunt us?”

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“No, chile, they ain’t no danger of passin’ a animal grabe yard at night, cause they never pestah nobody; but look out for ghosts when you passes a sure ’nuf folks grabe yard.”

At this a half-grown negro boy named Noah (always called Norah) joined in the conversation, backing up Aunt Martha in her story of the ghosts.

“Yes, sir,” said he, “ever’ time I pass de grabe yard de ghosts come out and whoop my legs ’til dey git great welts on ’em, dey sho’ly does.”

Aunt Martha got so excited that her eyes and mouth were both open wide. The large gold tooth that had been given to her for a Christmas present by Uncle Jerry gleamed forth in its splendor. The excitement was growing all the time and it was well that Harry’s mother called for him to come home just at that time.

So the happy, carefree days came and went, until one day Harry’s father came in and announced that war had been declared. There were days of anxiety and hardship,

but the flowers still bloomed at Rose Villa and the days were filled with interest for the children. One day some men came to see their father, and after waiting several days in the hospitable home, they asked if they could bury the gold that belonged to the Confederate government. At midnight they went out into the grounds, where they secretly dug away the earth and buried the gold at the foot of a yellow jasmine.

Hardly had they finished when news came that the enemy was approaching. Straight to Rose Villa came the officers and explained that they would like to use the house for headquarters for the staff. The family had to give up all but two rooms and were sure they would be badly used. But to their surprise, they were treated with great kindness. The general gave genuine coffee to the lady, a thing they had all done without since the beginning of the war.

All over the adjoining yards as well as their own the tents were pitched, and the soldiers camped. Harry became a favorite with many of them at once.

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Suddenly one night without warning they decided to search the grounds for treasure. The family waited breathlessly, but to their great relief the gold was not found.

Months after the close of the war men bearing messages in code came for the gold which lay undisturbed at the foot of the yellow jasmine.

When the soldiers left they presented Harry with a handsome sword.

“What did they give Missy?” asked one little girl.

“Well,” said Miss Virginia, “that is the best part of all. One of the finest officers of the entire army came to think so much of little Missy that when he left he asked her always to remember him. He was captured soon after that and spent many long days in prison.”

“Did he carve the peach stone basket?” asked the children.

“Yes,” said the Beautiful Lady, “and he it was who sent it to Little Missy, who afterwards became his bride.”

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“How did you get it?” asked the children.

“Because Little Missy was my own dear grandmother,” she replied.





A BOOK WEEK STORY

THE KITTEN THAT WAS LEFT OUT

“**W**AS that a really true story?” the children asked the Beautiful Lady as she laid down the book she had been reading to them. The story was about Robinson Crusoe and his wonderful adventures on the desert island. The children were much excited and had been singing:

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
He had his man Friday
To keep his house tidy,
And that was his duty to do so.”

They all began asking questions about their favorite book characters until the Beautiful Lady had to consult the Crystal Locket.

“I see a beautiful story today,” said she, “one that will answer all of your questions.”

“Do tell us quickly,” they shouted at once.

“Well,” she began, “I see two children, a little boy and his sister, sitting by a table in the children’s room of a large city library, and I am sure you will like to hear about them.

Every afternoon after school these children could be seen in the library reading their favorite books. They knew just where to find each book they liked best, and sometimes the librarian let them help to put the books in their proper places on the shelves. One day they ventured to ask her this question:

“Will you tell us if all the wonderful stories we read are true?”

“Why bless your hearts, you must see for yourselves,” she replied. “I will tell you a very great secret that I have never told be-

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fore. You children love my little book children so much that I am sure they will not care if I tell you. You know the book children are very, very dear to me, for it is I who buy them fresh and new from the stores. I carefully prepare them for the shelves, and when a thoughtless child soils them and tears the pages, it is I who wipe away the soil and mend the injured pages. So you see, I love them very much. It is because you love them, too, that I will tell you the secret.

“Somewhere in the side of the wall of the library is an invisible door. No one on earth can find it. Once a year just at midnight, one of the book friends takes a tiny key and unlocks the door. The Pied Piper plays upon his pipe and all of the little book people come scampering pell mell from their places on the shelves, through the door and out on the soft, green lawn which surrounds the library.”

The children’s eyes were very wide with excitement.

“Do you think we could ever see them?” they asked.

“If I tell you the night they come out, you may, but you must never tell a living soul.”

“We will never, never tell,” promised the children, and crossed their hearts to their library friend.

The night mentioned was about a month from the time she told them the secret, but it seemed to them more than a year. How could they wait a whole month? Each afternoon found them at the library reading about each of their favorite characters. They would give the librarian an understanding smile as they waved good-bye each afternoon.

Every spare moment the children talked and planned for the wonderful night. How would they get away without letting their father and mother know, and would they be afraid to go so far away from their home in the dark?

The days finally dragged by, and now only one more day remained. Suppose it should be raining? Would the little people come out if it were? But the sun was shining brightly when they arose next morning, and not a cloud marred the sky.

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It was very hard indeed to keep their minds on their lessons that day, and their teacher had to speak twice before they heard her.

School was over and the children went home, talking in whispers to each other. Supper time came, but they ate very little, and their mother wondered what was the matter.

They tried very hard to study, and about nine o'clock went to bed. The moon was shining and the children crept into bed with their clothes on. It seemed to them that their mother and father would never put out the light and retire, but after a long time, they put out all the lights, and everything was quiet.

About half an hour before midnight, out came the children ever so softly, and taking their shoes in their hands, they crept down the stairs and out into the front yard. Here they put on their shoes, ran across the lawn, and then climbed over the fence.

They had never been out so late by themselves. The shadows seemed very deep and

dark and there were noises that they had never noticed in the daytime. But for all this, the children had no idea of turning back after planning so long for this night.

By the time they came in sight of the big library building they were quite out of breath and their hearts were beating in a curious way.

“I am awfully scared,” said the little girl.

The brother would not admit that he was frightened, but his teeth chattered as he spoke.

Nearer and nearer they came, and now they were at the entrance of the children’s room. Everything was dark, and it was not until they started to open the door that they saw their library lady smiling at them. How happy they were to see her!

Hardly had they gone inside when a faint light appeared, not from the electric lights, but from the soft glow that the fairies use at night.

The clock on the library wall began striking the hour—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

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From the shelves on the north side of the room came a sound of music, and out scrambled the Pied Piper of Hamelin playing his pipe. Instead of the rats, all of the little book people came hopping and skipping from the shelves, and followed him to the little door which, at a magic word, had swung open.

“Come outside,” said the library lady, and she led the children out where they sat on the lawn and watched the little book people marching out to the strains of the piper’s music.

“Some of these little people have come out for many, many years as you will see,” she said, “but tonight you will also see some of our newer friends. Now let’s see who we have here.”

“Oh, oh,” said the little boy, “there are Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and yes, there is Pinocchio!”

The little girl could hardly keep seated when she saw Heidi with her goat, and just back of her was Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

“See the hole in her stocking,” said the



ALL OF THE LITTLE BOOK PEOPLE CAME HOPPING AND SKIPPING FROM THE SHELVES

ELIZABETH ENGLISH

librarian, "and the shoe polish on her leg to keep the skin from showing."

Now above the sound of the music, the children heard a fierce growling of tigers, and as they drew close together, they saw Little Black Sambo with his little red coat, his little blue trousers, his purple shoes with crimson linings, and his little green parasol.

Before they had much time to be afraid, out bounded Peter Rabbit, who immediately began nipping a flower in the library flower bed.

An old negro man with grey hair and large steel spectacles was telling stories to a little boy, and this the children knew was Uncle Remus.

"Now listen, children, and see if you know who this is," said their friend.

The children listened intently, and all at once they heard a noise as though someone was chewing with her mouth open.

"I know, I know," said the little girl. "It is Noisy Nora." And sure enough, it was. Here came Noisy Nora holding a sandwich in both hands, and chewing with her mouth

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open. Just back of her was the Spinach Boy.

Never in their lives had the children had such a good time. While the little boy was talking with Ola, his sister was in ecstasy over a small wooden doll made of ash, and dressed in a quaint old-fashioned gown. This was Hitty. Just back of her was Dr. Dottle, who was taking several of his animal patients with him. Gub-gub was following him closely.

“Look over in that corner,” said the library lady, “and see what you think of that.”

As the children looked they really seemed to see Millions of Cats—cats everywhere; some meowing, some purring, some playing, and some fighting.

All over the lawn the little people were gathered. Here came Aunt Brown, Aunt Green and Aunt Lavender with their dear little dog who was wearing black bows because all of the Aunts were with him. Not far from them was The Kitten Who Grew Too Fat, and The Cat Who Went to Heaven.

The children took great delight in talking to Snipp, Snapp and Snurr, the three little Swedish boys, who told them how they

worked to make the money to buy their mother a pair of red slippers, lined with gold, for her birthday.

The time seemed to fly, and before they could believe it, there was a streak of dawn in the sky.

When the Pied Piper blew a loud blast on his horn, the little book people fell into line without a moment's delay, marched toward the little door and were about to enter. Suddenly they heard a strain of beautiful music, and they knew that it was the Trumpeter of Krakow. They stopped a minute to listen, then turning to wave good-bye to the library lady and the children, they trooped back into the library and were lost to sight.

In a few minutes when the three went back into the room to lock the door not a soul could be seen, and each book was standing on the shelf just as the library lady had left them.

No one would ever have known that anything had happened but for the fact that there were so many, many cats that one little kitten out of the millions was not quick enough, and was left out on the floor meowing sadly.

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“Oh, the dear little thing,” said the little girl. “May I take it home to help me remember this wonderful, wonderful night?”

The librarian gave her permission, and after kissing her good-night, the two children quickly went home, taking with them the kitten that was left out.





A STORY OF KIND DEEDS

ODESSA'S MAGIC MIRROR

THE last day of vacation had arrived, and it would be some time before the children could have another story. They waited around for some while, hoping Miss Virginia would come out into the garden. Their mothers had told them not to ring the bell for fear of disturbing their good friend while she was resting.

They were just about to turn away when

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one of the children proposed that they sing a song and let the Beautiful Lady know they were there. Hardly had they finished the first verse when they saw a flutter of white, and soon she was seated among them.

At first they were afraid there would be no story, for they saw nothing of the Locket, but as soon as she had talked with them awhile she drew forth the slender gold chain which held the gleaming Crystal Locket and began:

Once upon a time there was a very rich man who lived in a mansion. Surrounding the house were wonderful gardens filled with rare flowers and shrubs from all parts of the world. There was a sparkling fountain, admired by everyone. The basin of this fountain was adorned by a delicate figure of a girl carved from white marble. In her hand she held a dainty parasol and the spray from the fountain was so arranged that the sparkling drops appeared to be falling from the parasol like rain.

There were peacocks proudly strutting

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around the grounds, spreading their gorgeous tails of gold and blue-green feathers. In the stream the goldfish flashed their golden scales as the sunlight shone upon them, and the pink and yellow water lilies made a perfect hiding place for them when they wanted shelter.

There were many servants to care for the home and gardens. But the old man was very lonely. One by one his family had gone until he was all alone, and, in spite of his riches, he was never quite happy. It had been several years since his only son had left home for a long trip in foreign countries and the father had almost lost hope of ever seeing him again. He had tried in many ways to get news of him, but always without success.

Although he had great riches, the old man had very few friends. People thought him queer, but in reality he was only lonely and sad. Each day he would take long rides into the country, sometimes taking his chauffeur, but often driving alone.

One particularly lovely spring day he decided to take a new road, one that led through a part of the town that was new to him.

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There had been a shower, and as he reached a short stretch of unpaved road, the car suddenly swerved and before he could stop, crashed into a tree that grew on the sidewalk in front of a house.

Quickly a little girl darted out of the gate and went at once to see if anyone was hurt. She called her brother, and together they helped the injured man into the house. When the doctor came he said it would be some time before he could walk. The children did not dream that he was so wealthy, and begged him to stay with them until he was better. He thanked them warmly and asked the young girl, whose name he found was Odessa, to come to see him, saying he would send for her in a few days.

Several days passed before a splendid car drove up and Odessa knew that her friend had sent for her. In her hand she carried a dainty box of cakes for him.

When the car stopped in front of the mansion she could scarcely believe her eyes, and as she was ushered into the great room she could scarcely speak. Her friend held out his hand to greet her.

“I did not know how rich you were,” she shyly said. “I was going to give you this box of cakes that Mother made, but I suppose you have cake every day.”

She timidly sat down in a large chair near his couch while the maid took her coat and hat.

The sick man was eagerly unwrapping the box and seemed as pleased as a boy to get the cakes which she had cut in various fancy shapes.

“Thank you very much, my child,” said he. “Money is worth very little in this world compared with kindly deeds.”

There were so many things of interest that Odessa wished he would tell her about, but she was too timid to ask many questions. There were large glass cabinets filled with exquisite curios.

After awhile, fearing the girl might be getting tired, he rang for one of the servants and asked that she be shown the garden and allowed to gather as many roses as she liked to take to her mother. When she bade him good-bye there was a smile on his face, and

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he asked her if she would come again the next week to see him.

Again and again Odessa called to see her friend for many weeks following. Always there was something beautiful to be seen, and the wonderful stories that he told about his treasures made her forget the passing of time.

One day when she was sitting in the large living room he said,

“My little friend, look at my desk, and just to one side you will see a tiny button. Push this and you will see what will happen.”

Odessa did as she was told and all of a sudden a drawer slid out.

“Look in and see what you can find,” he said.

Odessa took out a flat leather case.

“Bring it to me and I will open it for you.”

As Odessa put the case in his hand she leaned over to see what would happen next. He removed the box, touched a spring, and when the lid flew open there on a satin lining lay the most beautiful mirror the girl had ever seen.

The mounting for the mirror was of carved

pearl. On the back was a lyre surrounded by wonderful leaves and flowers. There was a clasp of pure gold around the handle and this was set with gems of great brilliance. In the center was a large aquamarine surrounded by rubies. Around the edge of the mirror were flowers with ruby centers and tiny stars between.

Odessa thought this was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, and dreamed of happiness if only she might be allowed to hold it in her hand.

“My dear little girl,” said the old man, “this mirror is for you. A lonely old man has found cheer and hope in your kindness to him, and now I give to you my choicest treasure.”

Odessa could hardly believe her good fortune and was just starting to thank him when he said, “You may think the mirror is beautiful to gaze upon, but there is something of far greater value than its beauty, for it is a magic mirror.

“When the man of your choice comes along have him look over your shoulder into the mirror. If he is not the right man his reflec-

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tion will be blurred, but if he should prove to be the right one, his face will shine forth clear and bright and the little lyre will play a tune of faint, silvery music. May God bless you for your kindness to a lonely old man.”

Odessa was very happy on her way home in the splendid car. She was in raptures when she showed the wonderful present to her mother. It was kept with great care under lock and key and only brought out on special occasions for friends to see. While the girl cherished her treasure with much pride, she almost forgot about the magic power, for she knew it would be a long time before she saw the man of her choice.

Several years went by, and Odessa grew into a beautiful young woman. In the winter she was away at school, but during vacation times she always spent many hours with her old friend.

At last her school days came to a close. A fine-looking young man from a nearby town asked her to be his bride. Up until now she had forgotten that the magic mirror would help her choose the right man. But now she remembered and quickly brought it forth



ODESSA COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HER GOOD FORTUNE

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to test its powers, never doubting that all would be well. To her great surprise, when her suitor looked into the glass all was dark and smoky. Alas! she knew he was not the right man.

Each time she put succeeding suitors to this test the same thing happened and Odessa began to fear that the right young man would never come. But so much faith had she in the power of the mirror, and so much confidence in her old friend, that she vowed she would never marry a man who could not stand the magic test.

One day she was sitting on the porch with her mother when she looked out, and whom should she see in a car but her old friend? Odessa had never seen him so happy. His face was wreathed in smiles as he waved at her. With him was another man who got out of the car, and together the two reached the porch. He could hardly wait for her to meet his son who had at last come home after many months spent on a faraway island.

The young man had been told the story of Odessa's kindness to his father through all the weary months and years, and not many

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months passed before he decided that he wanted her, above all other girls in the world, for his wife.

From its case came the magic mirror, and when he gazed over her shoulder, she heard a faint note of music from the little pearl lyre. This time the mirror was not blurred, but instead, reflected clearly and brightly the young man's face. She was especially pleased that the mirror's choice had been the son of her dear old friend.





A SEA STORY

NAUTILUS THE MERMAID

THE Beautiful Lady had a faraway look in her eyes as she started to tell her story one cold November day. Outside the snow was beginning to fall in great flakes, and the children crept closer to the fire.

Since the flowers were no longer blooming, the boys and girls had brought their friend some red berries, called bittersweet, and sprigs of holly from the woods. Miss Virginia had placed these in bright jars which made the room look very cheerful.

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The Beautiful Lady held the Crystal Locket in her hand, but the children noticed she did not look into it as closely as usual. Instead she seemed to be gazing straight ahead, and her face wore a smile as she talked on and on to the children.

This is the story she told:

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Virginia who dearly loved the sea. Every summer as far back as she could remember, her father and mother had taken her to the beach. There were not many people living near their cottage, and many times the little girl had to play by herself in the shining white sand. Often she longed for a playmate to share the interesting things she found to do.

One summer just after she had finished the school term her father went ahead to see that everything was ready at the seashore. When he came back he reported that another cottage was being built just next to their own, and would probably be completed by the time they would be making their pilgrimage to the beach. The little girl was very eager to

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see whether there would be any children in the new cottage with whom she could play.

At last the time came for them to go. Everything was packed, and the city house was cleared for the summer. Even the little dog, Bobbie, who always accompanied them, seemed eager to be off.

Since they arrived at night and found the new cottage quite dark, the little girl had to be content to wait until morning to see about her new neighbors.

It seemed as if she had hardly been asleep before the bright sunshine crept into her room. She rubbed her eyes and quickly dressed and was out on the beach. How beautiful the water looked in the early morning. The sunshine had tipped the waves with gold and the white sand looked almost like snow.

Just as she started in to her breakfast she saw a man come out of the house next door. To her delight, he was accompanied by a little boy about her own age.

As they drew near, she saw that the little boy had large, brown eyes and dark curly hair, but was very pale and thin. Just then the man smiled at the little girl and said,

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“Come, little goldilocks, and tell me your name.”

The little girl smiled back, and told him her name was Virginia. “This is Larry,” said the man with the smile, “and you must be good friends. Larry has been ill for a long time, but in this wonderful air he will soon have rosy cheeks and be strong again.”

The children agreed to meet right after breakfast.

Soon they came out—the little boy with a small shovel and bucket in which to gather shells. Virginia had been coming for so many summers that she knew where to find many interesting things, and Larry was glad to have her lead the way. He had never seen the crabs before and laughed aloud as he watched them travel along in their queer sidling manner.

As the waves came in and broke along the shore the children would quickly run to see if any new kinds of shells had been left on the sand.

As the happy days flew swiftly by, Larry and Virginia soon became fast friends. At first Larry’s mother would not let him walk

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very far lest he should grow too tired. So when they had stopped their play Larry and Virginia would sit on the sand and talk. Sometimes they would talk about treasures that were on the bottom of the ocean and wonder if the waves would ever wash any gold ashore. Then again the talk would be about life in the sea.

One day Virginia asked Larry if he believed in mermaids.

“I don’t know. Do you?” he asked.

“Surely,” said Virginia. “My mother read me a lovely story about a dear little mermaid who got lost.”

“I should have to see one before I believe,” said Larry in a doubting voice.

“Let’s try ever so hard to see one and maybe we shall some day,” said Virginia. “I have heard that mermaids are very fond of music and can be lured ashore if they hear it.”

To this Larry made no reply but began to think very hard and make some plans which he decided he would tell to no one.

Almost six weeks had now passed. Larry’s

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cheeks had become so rosy and his skin so tanned that it was hard to believe he was the same boy who had first come to the beach.

One morning Larry started out as usual, but Virginia did not join him. He was especially anxious to see her on this particular morning, for it was his birthday and he was six years old. After waiting some time, he decided to go to her home. He was very sad indeed when her mother told him she was ill and would have to remain in bed all day.

Very much disappointed, Larry started off by himself. When he was quite out of sight of the houses, he sat down on the sand and began to think.

“Now is my chance,” thought he. “If I ever see a mermaid it will be at this time.”

From his pocket he drew a mouth organ and began to play just one tune, a piece that to him was very beautiful. What a wonderful birthday it would be if only he could call a mermaid!

Timidly he began his little tune, but after awhile he gathered courage and played louder. For some time the music went on,

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but after awhile it grew fainter and fainter and finally died away. The little player had fallen asleep.

How long he slept he never knew, but all of a sudden he was awakened by a splashing sound quite near him and a little song like the music of the waves. He quickly opened his eyes and there in the edge of the water was a lovely mermaid. Her eyes were the blue-green color of the sea and her hair like spun gold. Instead of chubby legs and feet like his own and Virginia's, the mermaid had to swim about with a fish tail, and on the lower part of her body the bright scales glittered in all colors of the rainbow. At her side was a beautiful little chariot made from mother-of-pearl and wheels of pure gold. It was drawn by four sea horses which wore jeweled harness. Larry could hardly believe his eyes and had just about decided that he was still sleeping and it was all a dream, when suddenly the mermaid began to speak.

“Larry,” said she, “I heard your music, and I knew you were calling me, so I came from far out in the ocean, so far that no human

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has ever been able to find the place. King Neptune rules our country under the sea, and I live near his wonderful castle. How I should like to take you back with me, but no mortal ever comes back when once he has found us. This, however, will not keep me from being your little sea friend. Each year on your birthday, if you will come to this same spot and play me that same tune, I will come to you, but on one condition: that you will never tell a living soul."

With this she told him to hold out his hand and in it she placed a pearl of wondrous beauty.

Fifteen more years had passed by and Larry had grown to be a young man. He had finished college and was starting in business with his father. On his twenty-first birthday the lovely mermaid came to him for the last time.

"Now," said she, "I am giving you your last pearl, and with it a strand of my golden hair on which you are to string the pearls. Whenever you see the girl of your choice, clasp around her throat the necklace of pearls and she will then be yours. And now



THERE IN THE EDGE OF THE WATER WAS A LOVELY MERMAID

A S E A S T O R Y

I shall see you no more, dear Larry, but from our home far out in the sea we shall be watching over you and always wishing you success.”

It was a sad heart that Larry carried home with him as he thought that he never could see the mermaid again. He always carried the necklace of pearls in his pocket, but had almost forgotten what she had told him about them.

In the meantime Virginia had gone on a long trip around the world. She had visited many countries of great interest and written Larry long letters about the wonderful things she had seen. At last the day arrived when she was to land, and Larry planned to meet her.

A few hours before time for the big ship to arrive news came that there had been a shipwreck and the passengers had been forced to use the life boats. There were many anxious hearts as men and women awaited the arrival of their loved ones. Larry was in despair as he thought of Virginia. On into the night he waited, when all of a sudden a tiny speck appeared far out on

T H E C R Y S T A L L O C K E T

the waves as far as he could see. Closer and closer it came and finally he made out the outline of a life boat. As it came nearer, he saw that a young woman was in it. Then it was washed ashore.

To his astonishment, he saw that the young woman was Virginia. She was so pale and lifeless that Larry thought she was dead. He laid her gently on the soft sand, and, as he reached in his pocket for his handkerchief, he felt the pearls and remembered the words of Nautilus. Quickly he clasped the necklace around Virginia's throat. As she opened her eyes and saw him kneeling there, the color began to return to her cheeks at once.

The children were so interested in the story that they were hardly aware of a knock at the door. A tall young man with shining brown eyes and dark curly hair was standing there.

"Children," said the Beautiful Lady, "this is Larry."

"And you, our Beautiful Lady, are the Virginia of the story," added the children.

A S E A S T O R Y

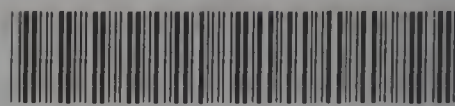
Just then she showed them the necklace of pearls which Larry had been keeping for her in his pocket. When he clasped it around her throat the children declared it was very lovely, but they made her promise that whenever they came to see her as Larry's wife she would always wear for them the thin gold chain on which hung the Crystal Locket.







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